

Threnodia Britannica;

O R,

ENGLAND in TEARS.

WE'RE a Nation of Fools, Who are Govern'd by Knaves;

The Dissenters their Tools, And the Church-men their Slaves.

All your Rulers grow Rich, But the Publick so Poor;
Yet in every new Speech, They're desirous of More.
They alarm us each Year, With a foreign Descent,
And the Tories give Ear, To what never was meant;
But if e'er you'll be Wise, And give *Cæsar* his *Own*,
You must credit no Lyes, From the Press, or the Throne.

Tell me what mighty Thing, Has been hitherto done,

By your C——ly K——g, and his Bas——ly Son?

All your Money's convey'd, To a *Hannover* Chest?

Your Religion's betray'd, And your Clergy Oppress'd:

All your Trading is lost, And your Merchants so Poor,

That the Best can but just Keep the Wolf from his Door.

Whilst a Foreign damn'd Crew, Have the Wealth at Command?

And the Devil knows who, Makes a Prey of your Land.

What a Figure He made, When He first enter'd in,
With a Wig on his Head, 'Twas a shame to be seen;
Of a Carrotty Brown, In the shape of a Mop,

Sure the like was ne'er shown, In a *Middle-Row-Shop*.

All his Servants look'd Worse, Than a Banditty Crew,

True Types of that Curse, That was soon to ensue.

With their Carravans rang'd, Full of Pipkins and Pans,

Which now They've exchange'd, For our Money and Lands.

'Tis worthy of Note, That His Pride was content

With a Rusty-Gray-Coat, Like a Yeoman of *Kent*:

As if 'twas Design'd, To perswade the whole Town

He was humble of Mind, Tho' he plunder'd the Crown.

Yet tho' He came o'er, In Apparel so mean,

With His Turks and his Strumpets, Instead of a Q——n:

Now returns to his Boars, In most wonderful Stare,

With a Yatch full of Whores, and a Shipful of Plate,

We're pillag'd of all, That our Nation affords;

Let the Blame of it fall, On our C——s and L——ds:

For they grant him each Year, More than *England* can Pay,

And without Wit or Fear, Give the Kingdom away;

For Three Millions by Stealth, Were of late wasted o'er;

And to add to his Wealth, He's still craving more.

Then, *O England* be wise, And now shake off thy *Chains*

Take up A--s, and despise the poor C---d that Reigns,